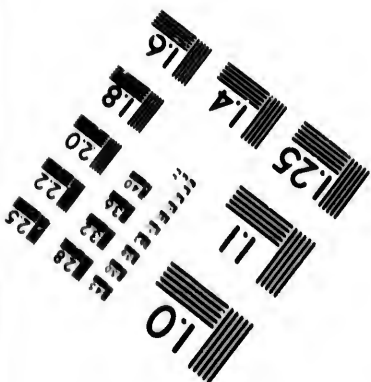
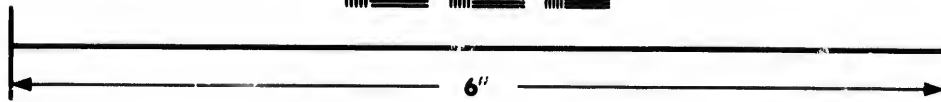
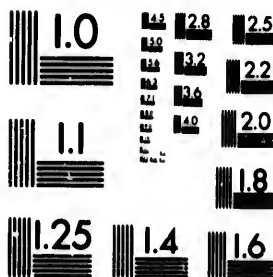


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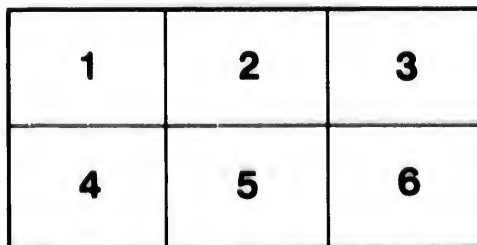
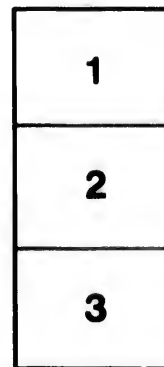
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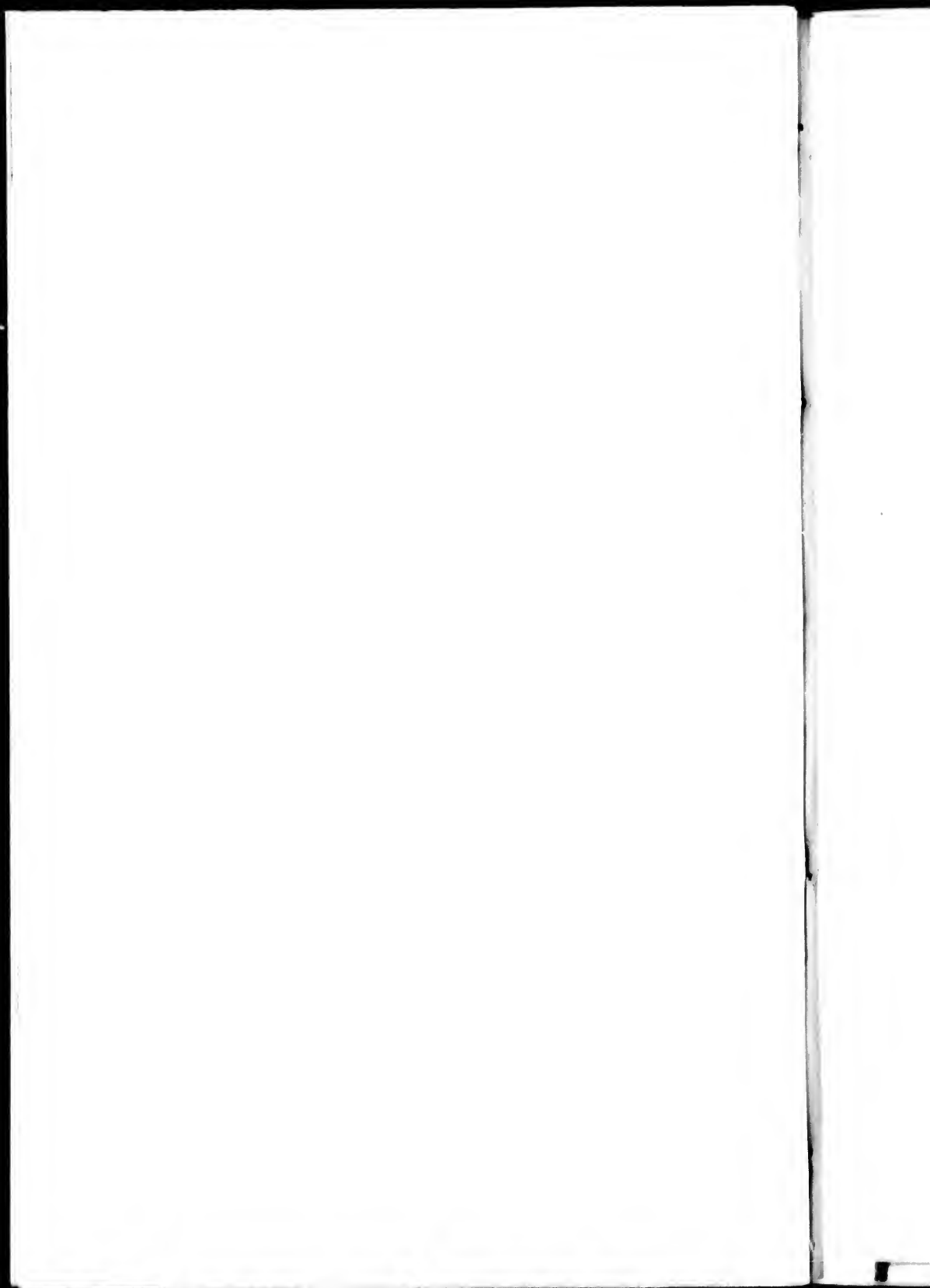
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THE REBELLION  
IN THE  
*RED RIVER SETTLEMENT,*  
1869-70,  
Its causes and suppression.

---

A LECTURE

Delivered at Clifton, October 25th, 1871,

BY

*Captain N. Willoughby Wallace,*

60th Royal Rifles.

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BARNSTAPLE :

HENRY T. COOK, STEAM PRINTER, HIGH STREET.

1872.

1872.  
(26)

THIS LECTURE was given in Clifton by my brother, at my particular desire, in aid of the fund for the Repairs and Improvements of my Church. He repeated it in my Schoolroom at the request of many of my congregation, who were unable to hear it on the first occasion ; and now he has kindly yielded to our wishes, and consented to print it for private sale, in the hope that it may be of still further use to Trinity Church.

It is printed almost word for word as it was delivered, and it makes no pretence of being anything more than a familiar account of what (to use his own expression) was a novel Military-Naval Expedition—something in fact between a “Sailor’s Yarn,” and a “Soldier’s Tale.”

C. HILL WALLACE.

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The Lecture has been passed through the press in my brother’s absence from England, and he therefore is not responsible for any mistakes.

We are greatly indebted to a member of my congregation for the interest and trouble he has taken in the preparation of the excellent map illustrative of the lecture.

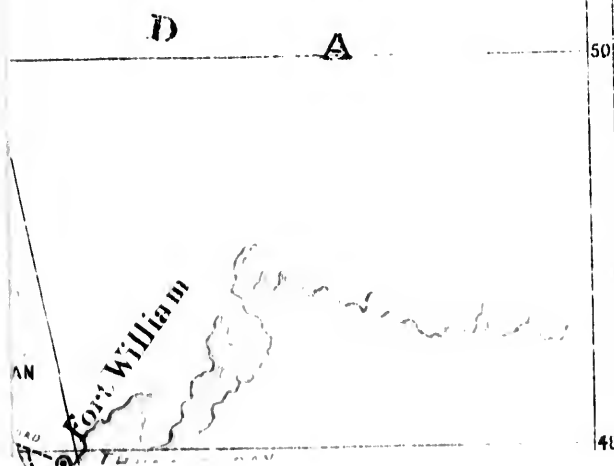
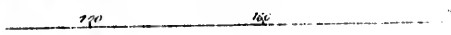
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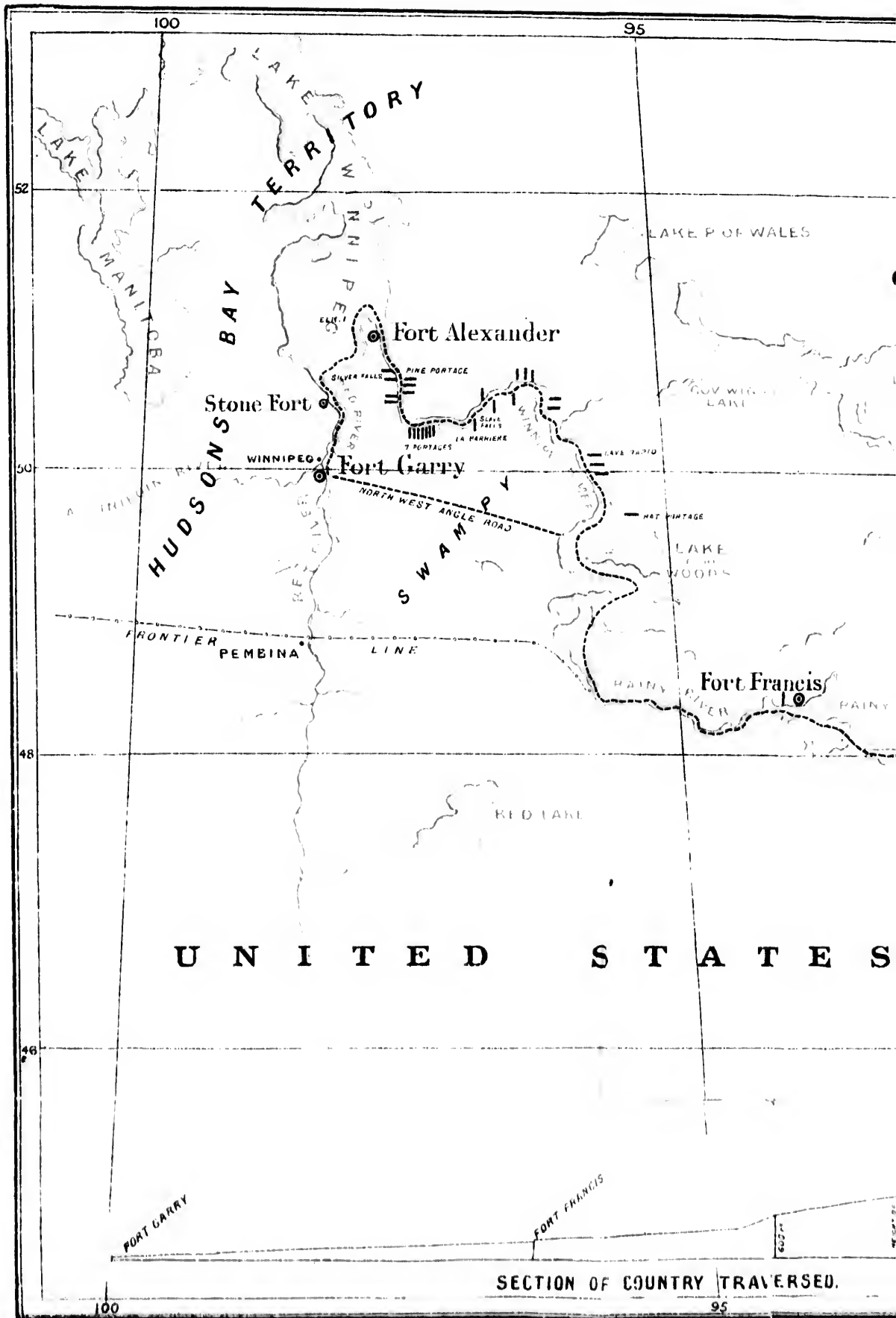
ACCOMPANY

WALLACE'S LECTURE.

OF BRITISH MILES.





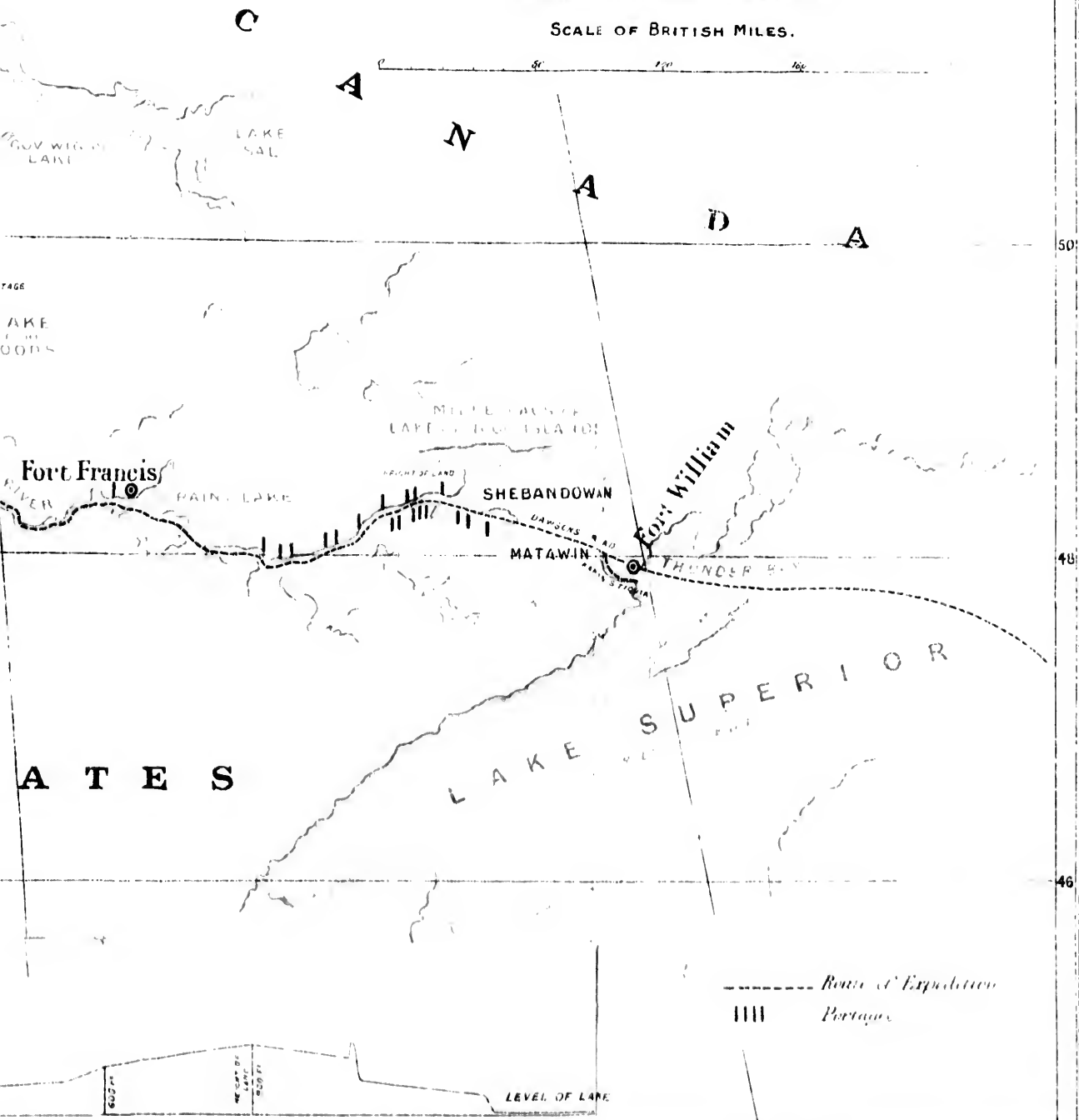


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# SKETCH MAP TO ACCOMPANY CAPTAIN WALLACE'S LECTURE.

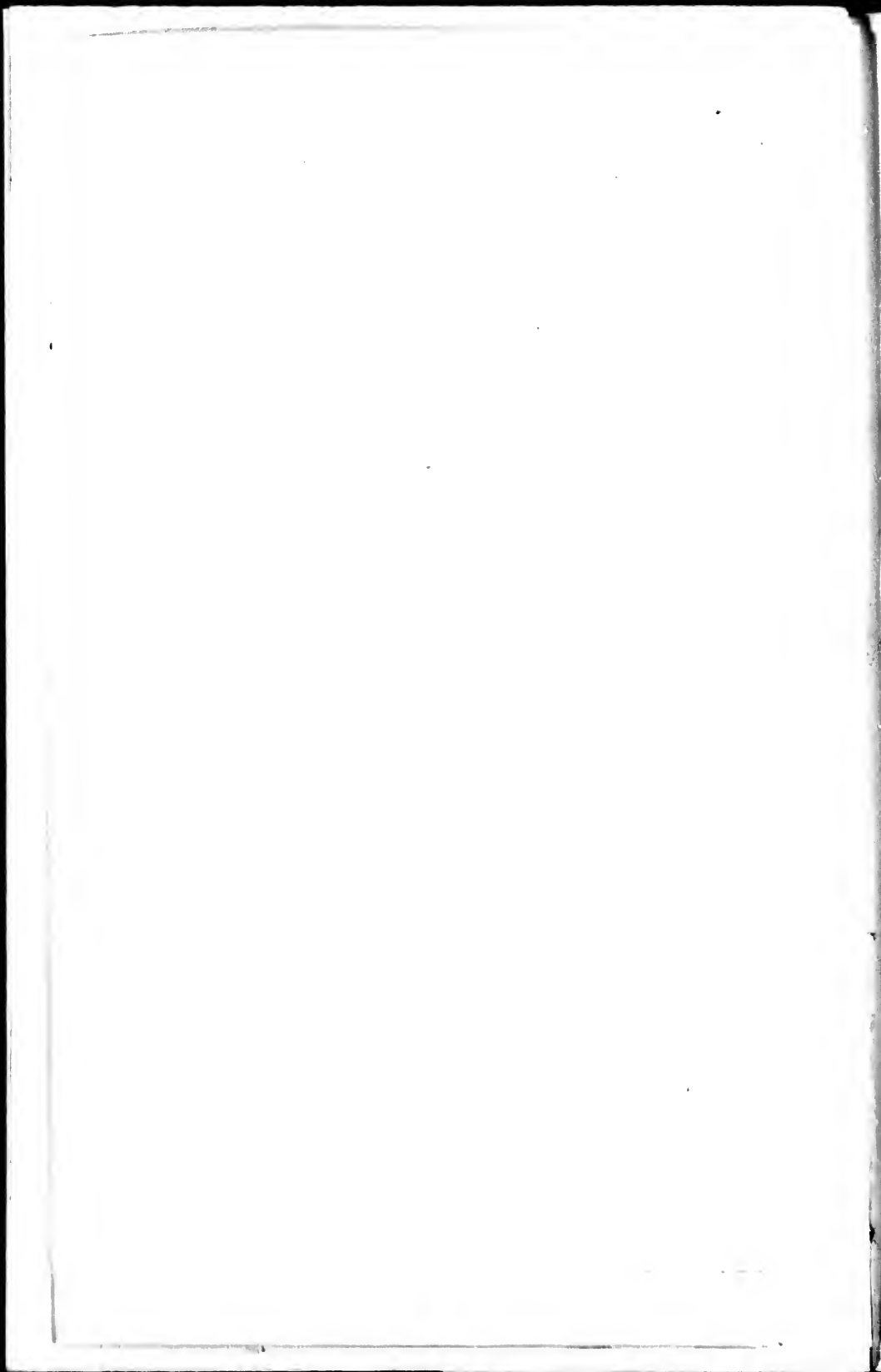
SCALE OF BRITISH MILES.

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By John H. H. H.



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My intention to-night is to carry you through the dangers and difficulties which beset the small force of Regulars and Volunteers, who last year, under command of a distinguished officer, Colonel, now Sir Garnet Wolseley, C B., K.C.M.G., at the bidding of Her Majesty, penetrated dense forests, and navigated dangerous rapids, to put down the revolt of a handful of disloyal people in the country until lately known as "The Hudson Bay Territory," but now called "The Province of Manitoba"; and I think I shall do this the better, by asking you to follow throughout the fortunes of one Brigade and that my own. If, therefore, I seem somewhat egotistical, I trust you will believe it is not from any desire to put forward myself, or my Brigade, which in no respect differed, in the way of fatigue or hardships, from others ; but only because I think that by so doing, I shall the better be able to bring the work, the perils, and the success of the expedition more vividly before you.

I will first touch on a few of the causes which led to the expedition ; then quickly passing over the voyage from Toronto, land you at Thunder Bay on Lake Superior, our basis of operations ; thence embark you on Lake Shebandowan in G. Brigade of boats ; and, after shooting

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many rapids, and toiling over not a few portages, land you at Fort Garry, the seat of the revolt. After a brief stay there, and a glance at some of the more noticeable features of the place, we will start on our return journey, and in a short time you will find yourselves again at Thunder Bay, none the worse, I trust, for all you will have gone through, and not too much bored with your humble servant's efforts.

The Red River Settlement was founded in 1813, by Alexander, Lord Selkirk, who obtained a grant of land from "The Hudson Bay Company," near the junction of the Assiniboine and Red River. The settlement was frequently threatened with destruction from Indians and various causes. But the fertility of the soil was so great, and the emigrants, principally Scotch, so hard to dislodge, that it struggled against all difficulties till it attained a population of nearly 1,500 souls.

Upon the completion of the confederation of the British North American Provinces, all the territorial rights of "The Hudson Bay Company" were to be transferred to "The Dominion" (as it is now called,) of Canada, for the sum of £300,000 sterling—the Company retaining certain lands for fur trading purposes. The transfer was arranged to take place on the 1st of December, 1869 ; but the Dominion Parliament, eager to secure the lands, nominated a Lieutenant Governor, the Honourable W. Mc Dougall, C.B., then Minister of Public Works in Canada, and sent him to Fort Garry, to assist in the transfer, and assume the Government as soon as the arrangement was completed.

As the feelings of the inhabitants were not consulted, and as they were about to be handed over to a new rule

without any guarantee as to their rights, they not unnaturally opposed,—especially the French settlers,—the proceedings of a surveying party under Colonel Dennis, a Volunteer Officer, sent to divide their Country into Townships. The opposition was headed by a French Canadian adventurer, Louis Riel by name, who refused to allow the survey, constituted himself President, and started a government under the title of “Provisional.” He then forbade Lieutenant Governor Mc Dougall, who was at Pembina, U.S., about 60 miles off, to enter the North West Territory, and finding that this order was unheeded, he despatched an armed force to expel him from the country. For nearly a month Mr. Mc Dougall remained at Pembina, awaiting an opportunity to re-enter the territory ; but Riel, master of the situation, and encouraged by the indecision of the Hudson Bay Officials, placed himself at the head of an armed party, and took possession of Fort Garry on the 24th November, 1869, where he maintained himself and followers for nine months, at the expense of the Hudson Bay Company. On the 1st December, Mr. Mc Dougall crossed the boundary again, and issued a proclamation announcing himself Governor. He also empowered Colonel Dennis to raise a force to put down the insurrection. Shortly after this Mr. Mc Dougall returned to Canada. Accordingly Colonel Dennis, with a body of English and Scotch Volunteers, took possession of the Stone Fort, about 20 miles from Fort Garry. By the entreaties and exertions of the English Bishop and Clergy a collision with the rebels was prevented and the Volunteers were disbanded ; but meanwhile Riel continued to imprison British subjects, placed a guard over the Hudson Bay Governor, Mr. Mc Tavish, and hoisted a Provisional

Government Flag (the "Fleur de Lys" and "Shamrock"). Some loyal settlers at "Portage Prairie," about 60 miles off, headed by Major Boulton, formerly a Captain in the 100th Regiment, then made a second attempt to release the prisoners. It was unsuccessful and Major Boulton and 50 of his men were captured.

Boulton himself, and a man named Scott, a Canadian, were condemned to be shot. Literally at the last moment Boulton was reprieved, even after he had received the Sacrament from Archdeacon McClean, but all endeavours failed to save Scott; and with horrid cruelty his execution was ordered for noon the very day of his trial. The poor fellow only realized his position when the guard marched into his cell. Mr. Young, the Wesleyan Minister attended him to the last; on his way to the spot outside the Fort, where he was to be shot, he turned round to Mr. Young, and said, "This is a cold-blooded murder." He then allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and while on his knees engaged in prayer, fell backwards pierced, but not killed, by a volley fired by six drunken men. A pistol shot then put an end to his suffering. It is curious that after our arrival diligent search failed to discover his body: it is generally supposed he was buried within the Fort, in quick lime.

This cold-blooded murder was the climax. Public meetings were held throughout Canada, to express condolence with Scott's family, and to urge the punishment of his murderers. It was then decided by the Imperial and Dominion Governments to send an expeditionary force, and re-assert the Queen's Supremacy in the furthest portion of her empire.

Lieutenant General the Honourable James Lindsay was ordered to select the force. The Queen's Troops consisted of the 1st Battalion 60th Royal Rifles, 350 strong, under command of Colonel Feilden ; Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineers, 20 men each ; with four 7-pounder Guns, and a proportion of Officers, Army Service, and Hospital Corps ; in addition, two Battalions of Canadian Militia were enlisted for two years, each about 400 strong ; one, the 1st or Ontario Rifles, the other, the 2nd, or Quebec Rifles, both organized by Colonel Feilden ; in all 1,200 fighting men, selected after careful medical examination, under the command of Colonel Wolseley, an officer distinguished by his former services and thorough knowledge of Canada, unanimously selected for so responsible a command.

One Company about 50 strong with 3 Officers composed a boat Brigade under command of the Captain, and was lettered to avoid confusion. The boats were of two kinds, carvel and clinker, and held 11 or 12 men each, and 2 or 3 voyageurs, and were pulled by six oars. Each boat was about thirty feet long, six or seven feet broad, and weighed when empty about seven cwt., when full three to four tons.

The first two Companies of the expedition started from Toronto, on the 14th May, 1870, under command of Colonel Boulton, R.A., for the Sault St. Marie, a canal and river which form the boundary line between British and American Territory, and connect the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. With his usual peculiar feeling towards Englishmen, "Brother Jonathan" objected to our using the canal : consequently all the men had to march, and all the equipment had to be carted, from one lake to another, and shipped again for Thunder Bay, situated on the northern



extremity of Lake Superior. Indefatigable as Colonel Boulton and Staff were, great waste of time was the inevitable result ; and it was not till the 21st of June that all the men, boats, and stores had arrived at Thunder Bay, to which Colonel Wolseley now gave the name of "Prince Arthur's landing."

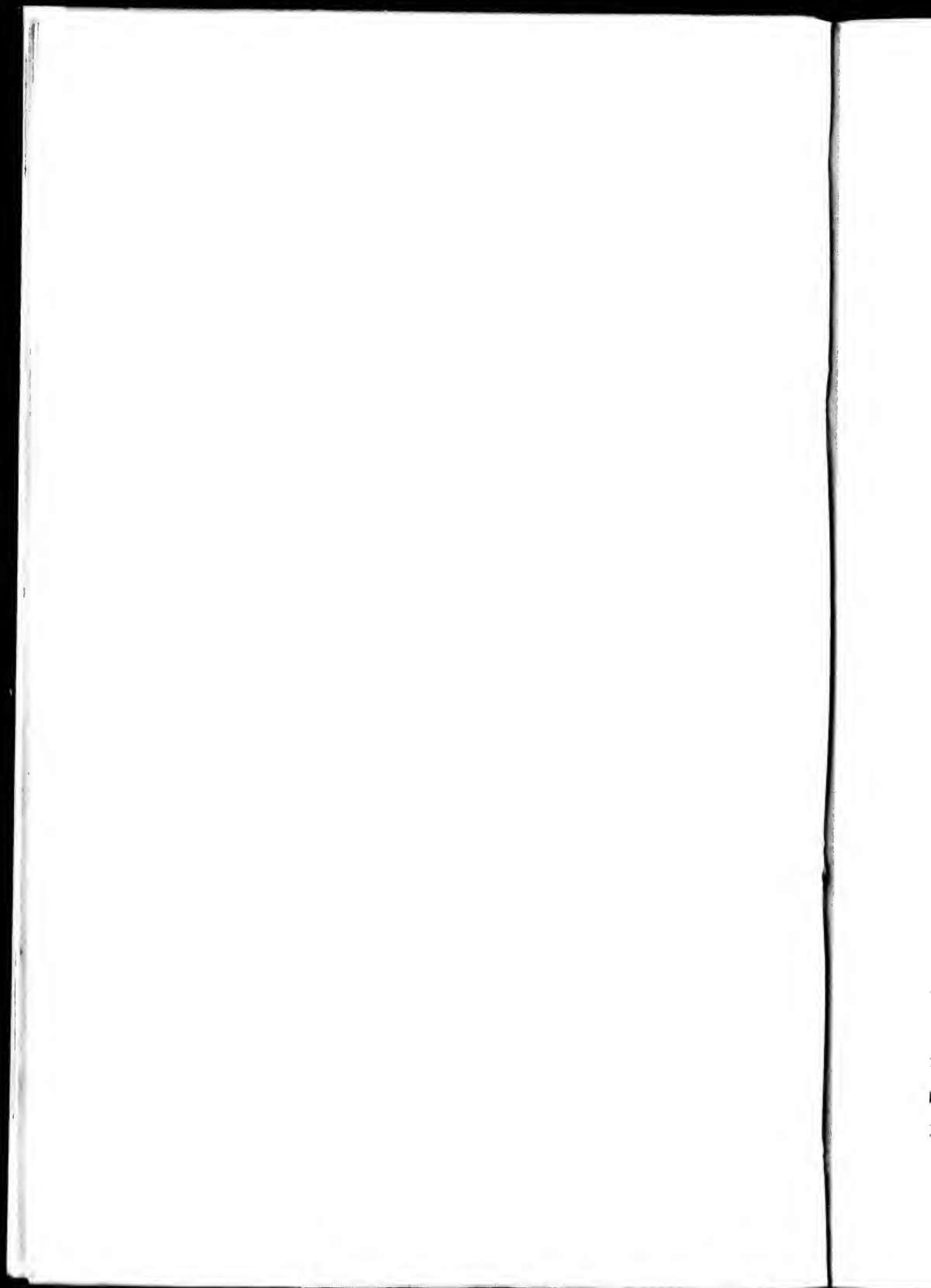
Nearly a month was then consumed in road making, and in transporting stores over 40 miles of swampy and hilly ground, rendered almost impassable by heavy rains ; and it was not till the 16th of July that the 1st Brigade of boats started on Lake Shebandowan. Two hundred boats had to be launched upon this upper Lake. To carry them the 40 miles over so bad a road would have been difficult, and destructive to the boats ; to get them up by the Kaministiquia River was pronounced impossible by most people ; but Colonel Wolseley urged by Mr. McIntyre, the Hudson Bay Official at Fort William, resolved to try. Captain Young, 60th Rifles, was ordered to see what could be done ; and after ten days of tremendous work,—aggravated by the river rising six feet in one night,—during which men and officers were wet to the skin day and night, and half devoured by flies, he forced his way with his Brigade of boats through 50 miles of forest and rapid, to a level of 800 feet, over falls 160 feet high, up inclines of 45°, and proved that nothing is impossible in the path of duty.

It was then decided to send all the boats by water to the Orkondagee Creek, the furthest practicable point, from whence they were transported on carts to within two miles of Shebandowan Lake, and thence by river to the Lake.

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On the 16th of July, 1870, about 8.30 p.m., Colonel Feilden's Brigade composed of Captain Young's and Ward's Companies, with the Artillery and Engineers (in all 17 boats), started as Pioneers of the expedition, with 60 days' provisions, amid the cheers of friends and well-wishers on the shore, for 600 miles travel through an almost unknown country. The other Brigades followed as speedily as possible. On the 19th I received my orders to sail. My flotilla consisted of seven boats; my crew 5 officers, 58 men, 14 voyageurs and a guide, who did NOT know the way—78 in all. My cargo was a motley one, 40 barrels of biscuit (each weighing 100 lbs.), 42 barrels of flour (each 120 lbs.), 50 barrels of pork (each 200 lbs.), 7 barrels of sugar (each 150 lbs.), 7 cans of tea, 13 sacks of beans, 8 boxes of preserved potatoes, 9 tins of pepper; 19 axes, 11 picks, 22 hatchets, 13 kettles, 1 oven, 18 frying pans, 13 shovels, 13 spades, 11 tents, 7 tins of mosquito oil, 13 boxes of medical comforts, boxes containing our rifles and 6000 rounds of ammunition, some of which was kept loose, and a few other things.

That night we pulled about 12 miles to our first camping ground, which we called Raspberry Hill, so thickly was it covered with fruit. About 11 o'clock, p.m., a fearful thunderstorm broke over us, so vivid was the lightning that we could see to read by it; but amid the wet and misery we were not without amusement, for clinging to the tent pole with hands and knees to prevent its being blown away sat Admiral \_\_\_\_\_, a control officer, exclaiming at intervals, "This may be very grand, but it is most unpleasant. How I wish I had stayed at home." He received the name

of "Admiral" because when in charge of a large flat-bottomed boat or scow, at Thunder Bay, he was continually asserting his authority, by shouting out "Do you Sir, command this boat or do I?"

After two days of very severe work on our first portage, we arrived at "The height of land" portage, the second on the route, whence all our journey was down hill.

A "Portage" is the shortest road from one lake to another, or a path along a river bank cut to circumvent a rapid when the water is impassable for boats. On arrival men at once are sent to fell the trees along the path selected, which ought to be from 8 to 12 feet wide : these trees are then used as rollers for the boats when dragged over ; and while some men are path-making, others are unloading boats. The heavy weights are carried with a portage strap—a long thong of leather, or more generally untanned hide, about 14 to 16 feet long, 5 or 6 inches wide in the centre, and tapering off to a point : the rope-like ends are fastened round the barrel or box to be carried, leaving a small loop for the head to pass through. The broad part is placed on the forehead, and the hands are clasped over the back of the head, which is bent slightly forward : the barrel thus rests on the back, and the strain is on the vertebræ of the neck. In this way a man can carry from 200 to 300 lbs. I myself have carried from 200 to 250 lbs. An Indian can carry from 300 to 400 lbs. ; and this, remember, not only on a level, or merely for a yard or two, but over rocky, hilly, and slippery ground, and for distances up to 2,000 yards ; each man having to make from four to five journeys over every portage, and sometimes encountering six or seven portages a day.

When all stores are carried over, the boats, under charge of an Officer, follow. About thirteen men can generally portage a boat, unless the incline be very steep. A rope is rove through the bottom of the stem post of the boat, carried over the bow and fastened round the two forward seats, by which means leverage is gained to lift the bow. Two men are stationed as bowmen, one on either side to lift the bow over rough ground and roots of trees: this work is the most arduous of all. Two men amidships keep the boat on an even keel. The remainder harness themselves with portage straps to the rope. At a given signal from the Officer, who also takes his share of the work, a start is made and the boat walked along at a steady pace, the bowmen guiding: should any hitch occur the pulling ceases till the bow is raised, and then the well-known shout of "Together heave! stick to her boys!" sets her agoing again. In this way, extra hands being added, woods of any denseness, roads of any roughness, and hills of any steepness can be traversed. In going down hill a drag rope is run out over the stern, and three or four men are told off to it, to prevent her taking a shoot downwards. When all boats are safely over, launched, and loaded, a fresh start is made. Should any have been damaged or strained in transport, the mischief is soon repaired with oakum, tin and white lead. So much for a portage and the work.

I shall now try and give you some idea of a day's doings on the road up.

Camp was roused by the sentry on duty between four and five a.m., fire lighted and tea warmed while we dressed, which

consisted of getting out of a blanket and buffalo robe, occasionally, but not always, washing, and getting into a coat and red night cap. For the dress of officers and men was simple in the extreme : flannel shirts of every hue, caps of all descriptions, and trowsers, which before long resembled Joseph's coat of many colours, kept up by a broad strap from which dangled a sheath knife and tin cup. One officer invariably kept his boots and leather moccasins soaking in water all night that they might be comfortable to put on in the morning : at least that was the reason he assigned to Colonel Wolseley, who enquired what the boots were doing in a bucket of water outside the tent.

By this time our tents were down, and everything stowed in the boats, half-an-hour from the first call being allowed for all. The tea itself was capital, but a layer of grease always floated on it, owing to the usual secretion of pork fat from the kettle, which was a jack of all trades : add a little sugar and I may safely say that the most skilful physician would be at a loss to prescribe a more nauseous draught. With it was served up a dry biscuit or piece of choke dog—a pancake made of flour and water fried in pork fat (but not bad I can assure you) ; and last, though not least, the only delicacy allowed us in the shape of meat, a piece of salt pork about half-an-inch thick, requiring a microscope to find out the proportion of lean to fat. And yet we eagerly devoured this our early repast, and were ready to jump into our boats, pull over a lake or shoot a rapid, until such time as the pangs of hunger assured us that eight o'clock breakfast hour had arrived.

On landing the usual question was put to our servants,

“What have you got for breakfast?” “Nice cold pork, Sir, tea and biscuits; or if you prefer it Sir, fried pork.” Ravenous after our morning’s work and our bath we fall to, and soon are ready for another start. The usual doubts about the weather, whether the wind is fair, the current strong against us, or a long day before us, pass away the few moments allowed for a smoke, while camp kettles are being packed up. The shout of “All aboard” from the Captain is heard, answered by the well-known “Aye aye sir,” and off we go. In about half-an-hour we arrive perhaps at a shallow channel, the first boat runs aground, and all the endeavours of her crew fail to move her. “Lift her boys,” cries the officer in charge, and over he jumps into the water, followed by his crew, and in less time than it takes to tell it, she answers to the shout of “Walk her along boys” and is once more in deep water. The other boats follow in like manner. Another fair start, soon a rapid is seen ahead: consequently the shore is hugged until we assure ourselves whether it can be shot or not. The Indians jump ashore and inspect the seething mass of water, and return determined to run it. The best men take the oars. The Captain’s boat which carries the guide leads: the others follow at an interval of 50 yards, and out into the current we pull. The Indian in the bow with his broad paddle guides the boat into the main channel, the helmsman with an oar astern keeps her from being swung round by the stream; the picked crew give way, and our boat impelled at the rate of some 10 or 15 miles an hour rushes downward into the smooth water at the bottom, where we lie on our oars, and watch the fate of the remainder of our fleet as they shoot safely over. But not always *safely*. Once I saw the signal made from one of



my boats, "I'm on a rock sinking and must throw my cargo overboard." Immediately my own boat was manned with Indians, and with great difficulty the sinking craft was reached, cargo picked up, and damage repaired. Our friend the "Admiral" had a peculiar weakness for shooting rapids with a large government cash box on his lap,—not exactly the life buoy one would choose. "Admiral," said I once, "do you ever feel nervous at these times?" "No," said he, "for I have the satisfaction of knowing that if I go down, all my boat's crew must go with me."

And now away we go again, singing and recounting dangers past, till the roar of a distant waterfall tells us that a portage is before us. Should noon be near, the order is given to get dinner ready while we portage. As each boat touches land one man springs out to secure a good place for unloading, while another rushes over the portage to select a convenient spot for re-loading at. Officers and men vie in carrying the heaviest weights; the smell of the frying pork stimulates all hands; and the portage for the moment resembles an ant's nest, with its busy proprietors bustling to and fro. The baggage over, dinner is soon ready. Oh! what a sumptuous repast! "What have you got for dinner?" we enquire of our servants. "Nice hot boiled pork, beans, tea and biscuits Sir." What a delicious change! hot boiled pork instead of cold boiled pork! One short hour and to work again. Over the boats go, and a start is made for our camping ground, which we arrive at, if all goes well, about six or seven o'clock. But perhaps it is surrounded by sand banks on which we all stick fast, working away in the dark for nearly two hours before we reach the camp fires, which we

see brightly burning on the shore, kindled by the cooks sent through the water. In one instance I remember officers and men were from nine o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night in the water, poling and hauling and pulling at the boats, besides which we had to go over one of the most severe portages on the whole march : in fact after days like this, so weary often were we, that without supper and without pitching our tents, we threw ourselves down in our wet clothes, and were soon oblivious of hunger and fatigue.

But let us suppose ourselves arrived at our camping ground. As we sit over the fire and dry our clothes, or huddle up in our tent, while the heavy rain pours down, talking over our prospects, and trusting that we may, when we get to our journey's end, burn a little powder to repay us for our hardships, the meal of the day is preparing. "Well Perks what for supper?" "Just making some pancake, Sir"; and here it comes; and not even the most fastidious can complain as regards quality, quantity, or variety. Boiled pork, hot and cold—fried pork, hot and cold, rare luxuries! dry biscuits, "choke dog," biscuit fried in pork fat, tea, and can my eyes deceive me? fried potatoes procured from some mission garden, in exchange for pork. Right good justice do we to Perk's cuisine,—unless indeed he has made his bread with some of Riel's *starch* instead of baking powder, as happened once, and then not even *our* digestions could tackle it, when he handed it to us in the morning, informing us that he had "sat up all night watching for it to rise, but it wouldn't." After supper we smoke our pipes, conscious of having done our duty to our stomachs and our Queen; and sweeter never was sleep than ours, when tucked up in our

“flea bags,”—as we called our beds—under a buffalo robe in our little tents, with perhaps a box or a stone for a pillow. Such was each day’s routine, varied only occasionally by the catching of a few fish—I shot a sturgeon weighing 20 lbs. ; the shooting of a few partridges ; or the meeting with a few more than usually wild looking Indians ; and in this way, working Sundays as well as week days, we reached on the 8th of August, Fort Francis, our half way house.

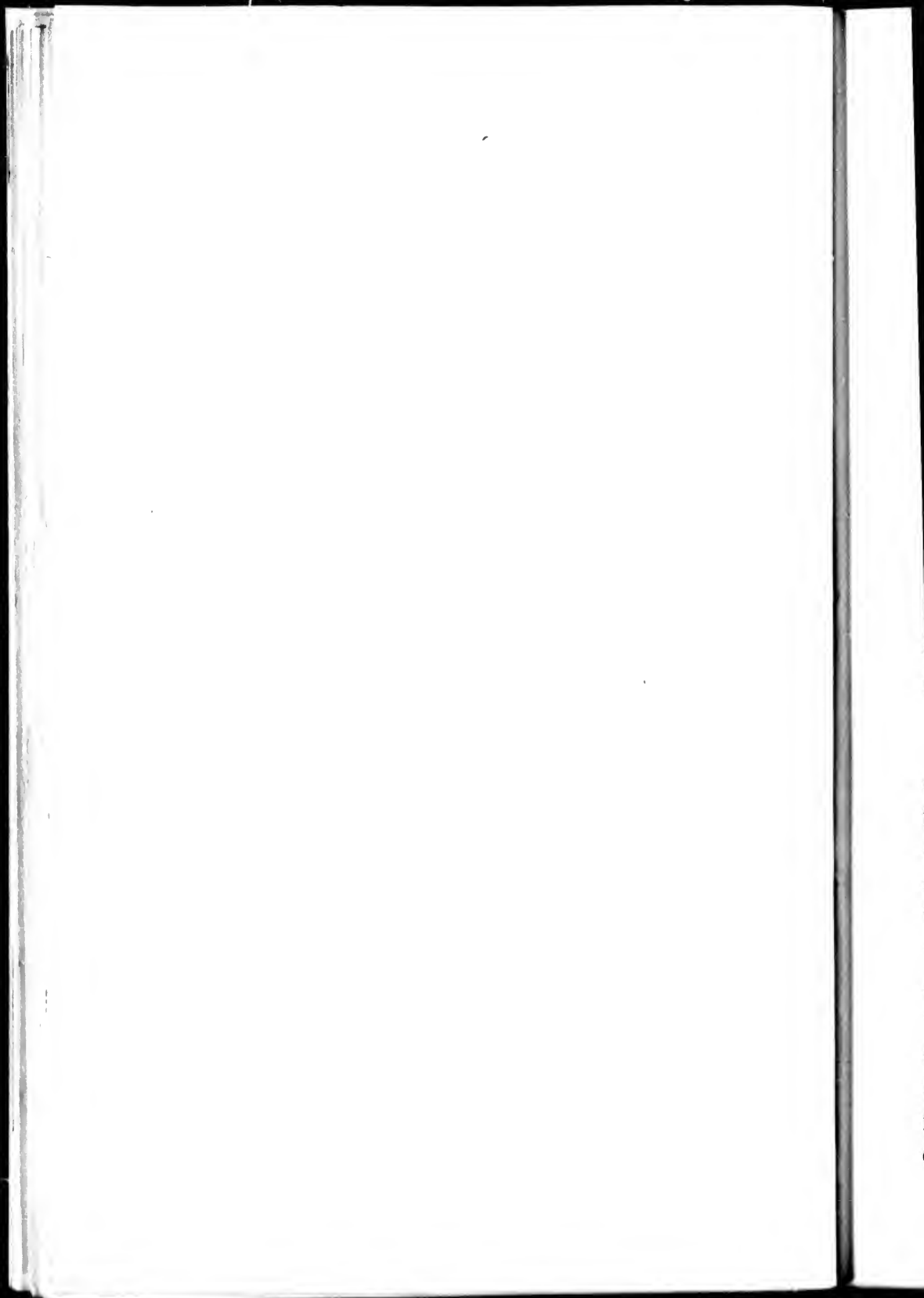
Now let us take a glance backwards at the ground we have travelled since we entered the waters of Lake Superior, or as it may fairly be called Superior Ocean, so immense is its area.

The third day out we sighted Thunder Cliff, rising about 1,300 feet above Lake Superior, grand in its wildness, the Silver Islands lying at its foot. To give you a slight idea of its richness, I need only say that since last September year, in a space about 70 feet long, 40 feet deep, and 10 feet wide, about 600,000 dollars, or £150,000 sterling have been taken out. A trader at Fort William, the Hudson Bay post close to Thunder Bay, told me that he had walked up to his middle in water and knocked off solid pieces of silver, one of which he shewed me as big as an orange. Such is the mineral wealth on the shores of Lake Superior, in fact the whole of its northern shore is one vast mine. Opposite to Thunder Cape lies Pie Island, 850 feet high, and the Welcome Islands ; they appear at times to be joined together by a bridge, which on close inspection turns out to be only a mirage, a common sight on Lake Superior. The water is very shallow near the shore, and abounds in lake trout varying from 10 to 15 and 20 lbs. weight, which men and

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officers amused themselves in catching, when not passing their leisure time in boat racing, which was much encouraged as a means of getting the men in condition for their after work. Thunder Bay, so called from the terrific storms which rage there, but now named "Prince Arthur's landing," was, when the troops arrived, little else than the remainder of a burnt forest, but soon the axe and hammer resounded through the woods, and a respectable village of log huts sprung up, interspersed with our tents, and protected by a small fort. The road from Prince Arthur's landing to the Lake Shebandowan lay through the scorched forests of maple, spruce, and birch; a half-way camp at the Matawin bridge was established, where provisions were stored, and stabling was erected. From Shebandowan, a run through a succession of picturesque lakes, studded with rocky islands, with here and there a rapid or burning forest to break the monotony of the scene, brought us to Fort Francis.

Fort Francis, a Hudson Bay Company's post, composed of two or three wooden houses surrounded by a palisading, is situated on a large plateau, amidst gardens and fields, overlooking the fine falls which are about 300 yards wide, and which dash over a ledge of rocks about 22 feet in height. The grassy plateau showed numerous traces of the meeting which had been recently held by the Indians with Mr. Simpson, who preceded the expedition to arrange a treaty with them for the right of way. At first these men intended to oppose our passage, but on Mr. Simpson's assurance that opposition would be impossible they agreed to remain neutral; some few of them had lingered with their decrepid old chief "Crooked Neck," to see what bargain they could drive.

The Chief held a "pow-wow" or interview with Colonel Wolseley. His dress was simple—a body cloth, a nose ring and bright yellow paint. He spoke in Chippewa, which was interpreted, and demanded ten dollars a head for every person passing through his land, offering to the pale faces the right of way and use of wood and water in return, but he objected to settlers. Colonel Wolseley replied that the right of way was all he required, and that he had no power to make any bargain with him. He then accepted a present of pork and flour, but indignantly refused articles of clothing. These Indians are Polygamists and are filthy in their habits, being covered with vermin; they are skilled in the use of plants and poisons, one especially is said to turn the complexion black; they have no settled abode, but travel about in canoes with their wigwams—pieces of birch bark stretched over poles in a bell shape, openings being left for a doorway and a chimney—when they move the poles are left standing, and the birch bark is stored away in the canoe; they live on berries, the fish they catch and the birds they shoot, and have been known to exist for five days or more without any food. One of them was more strangely dressed than the rest; he was painted on one side red, on the other white; he wore an old military coat patched with different colours and adorned with lace, a short shirt, a blanket wrapped round him, and a belt embroidered with beads over his shoulders; a high wide-awake completed his grotesque costume. The plateau was formerly used as a burial ground; the graves of the great chiefs are more conspicuous than the rest, the coffin being placed on four upright posts about six or eight feet high, the clothes are laid on the top, and the whole is then surrounded by a wooden palisade; in one

corner is placed a tin containing food which is replenished from time to time ; in another corner a miniature canoe and paddle, the idea being that the spirit may paddle itself to happy hunting grounds ; when a chief of the plain Indians dies, his gun and camp kettle are buried by his side, and his horse is killed over his grave, thus on arrival at his happy hunting grounds, he will find himself fully equipped.

Colonel Wolseley now received information from Lieutenant Butler, 69th Regiment, who had been sent through the states to Fort Garry as look out officer, that the settlement was in a most critical state, and an Indian out-break imminent. This was confirmed by Mr. Monkman, a loyal half-breed who had been sent down by Bishop Macray and others with letters stating that the road from the north west angle of the Lake of the Woods was not passable for troops—this route would have avoided all the risks and toils of the Winnipeg, and besides would have saved us a distance of 150 miles—and moreover that six boats under the command of the Reverend Mr. Gardiner had been dispatched from Fort Garry, manned by volunteers, to assist us over the difficulties and dangers of the Winnipeg with all possible speed. As each detachment therefore arrived at Fort Francis, Colonel Wolseley hurried them on ; so after a stay of about five hours employed in overhauling boats and feasting on the delights of civilization, we pushed off into the boiling waters in the basin at the bottom of the falls. The sensation of being tossed about on the broken surface was most peculiar ; at one moment we shot forward through the eddies ; at the next the greatest exertion on the part of the crew failed to produce any way on the boat at all ; at



length, as if released from some giant grasp, we shot forward and are soon out of sight of Fort Francis, and of kind friends : amongst them our dear old Admiral, who by this time hardly knew himself, having already taken in eight good inches of waist belt within a short three weeks.

We had now about 70 miles of Rainy River before reaching Lake of the Woods. This river is the boundary line between English and American territory, and is about 300 to 400 yards wide ; the banks in some places resemble an old English park, oak, elm, poplar and ash growing luxuriantly ; while the thick brushwood, intertwined with honeysuckle and wild convolvulus, forms an abundant shelter for the numerous insects which abound there, the most troublesome of which are the mosquito, the black fly, the sand fly, and the moose fly which literally nips a piece out of you. At sunset a curious flight of small whitish flies appears, moving up the river with a humming noise, in a column about six or eight feet high : they are harmless, and when they touch the water they cannot rise, and are only a prey to the fish. The second night out, to save time we drifted down with the current, two boats being lashed together, and a few men told off to keep watch while the others slept. About four a.m. we reached the mouth of the river and emerged into the Lake of the Woods, which is about 70 miles long and nearly as broad. We were most fortunate in having a stiff breeze to carry us over quickly, and to make it all the more enjoyable, we had the excitement of racing Captain Northey's Brigade. While crossing the lake we espied the Union Jack floating over an island ; expecting to find some Robinson Crusoe we bore

down, and to our surprise found the Volunteers from Fort Garry who had been sent to meet us. The only noticeable features of the Lake of the Woods are the vast number of islands, and the peculiar colour of the water, which is full of vegetable matter as thick as pea soup, and undrinkable unless boiled ; large bays and myriads of islands cause the navigation to be very difficult and dangerous. It was in this lake that Colonel Wolseley lost himself and was wind-bound for several days.

On the morning of the 11th we arrived at Rat Portage, and were warmly welcomed by the Hudson Bay official. He warned us that the most dangerous part of our journey lay before us, and doubted whether we should ever reach Fort Garry in the boats we had. This indeed was discouraging from one of his experience ; but by this time the expeditionary force felt equal to any and all emergencies ; so after about an hour's halt we started for the first portage on the Winnipeg. While here we had the pleasure of inspecting a real cannibal who had helped to murder twenty of his comrades and then assisted in eating them. He belonged to a tribe near Thunder Bay, but had thought it prudent to change his residence for fear of being served up for some one else's pleasure. He was morose and sullen, and I could not extract any particulars from him, though we tried very hard ; our men made signs to him that he ought to be hung, which were perfectly intelligible but not much relished by him.

The river Winnipeg, or as it might well be called "The Lakes of the Winnipeg," so numerous are its broad bays and granite islands, is bounded by precipitous cliffs, and during its course of 160 miles it descends 350 feet by a succession

of splendid falls and rapids, among the most beautiful of which are the "Chute à Jacquot," the "Trois pointes des Bois," the "Silver Falls," and the "Slave Falls" so called because of two prisoners who were captured by Indians, bound hand and foot in a canoe above the falls, and launched into the abyss below. There are no less than 27 dangerous rapids on this magnificent river; the most dangerous were the "Cave," "La Barriere" and "Les Sept Portages."

Imagine yourselves in a small boat nearing one of these; all anxiety is centred upon hitting off the one channel; to miss it would in all probability be fatal; once in it you are whirled along at railroad speed, past rocks, through eddies and backwaters raging and clashing angrily, well knowing that the touch of a rock, the shipping of a wave, the loss of a paddle, or the snapping of an oar may end in utter destruction. Indescribable indeed are the feelings; for the time one can hardly breathe, so intense is the excitement, and so great the danger.

Seven anxious days on the Winnipeg brought us to Pine Portage, the last before reaching Fort Alexander. The men as you may suppose were not long in getting over it, and as the boats shoved off from the shore, their hearty cheers resounded through the woods. In about an hour's time we sighted the mission station and the tents of our other brigades; shortly afterwards some brother officers came out in canoes to welcome us, and told us of the latest news from Fort Garry, as we pulled to the landing place at Fort Alexander on the 19th August, eleven days out from Fort Francis. After partaking of a most excellent supper, which I remember still, we turned in with the satisfaction

of knowing that we might choose our own time for rising in the morning. The next day was spent in brushing ourselves up, writing letters, and foraging for provisions, as we determined to make the most of our time before Colonel Wolseley's arrival in the evening, for wherever and whenever he turned up it was the signal for an immediate start : or as Captain Young used to express it, "Colonel Wolseley's coming ! I am off to pack up !"

On Sunday the 21st August, after our first divine service since leaving Shebandowan, as report said no opposition was to be expected from Riel, Colonel Wolseley decided not to wait any longer for the first two companies of militia, but to push on with the 400 Regulars. At three o'clock accordingly we set sail with a fair wind, and as the little flotilla of fifty boats led by Colonel Wolseley, and Mr. Donald Smith one of the Hudson Bay Governors, in a Hudson Bay boat, ran down the river before wind and current, the cheers and "God speed you" from the shore assured us that our labour, so far, was not unappreciated. A sail of about twenty miles brought us to Elk Island at the junction of the Winnipeg river and lake ; the little sandy beach and landlocked bay were soon reached, and in a trice tents were pitched and supper prepared. Orders to start in the morning at four with cooked provisions, warned us that the sooner we turned *in* the better, as a long day was in prospect. But very quickly we were driven to the conclusion that the sooner we turned *out* the better ; for not even veils, or smoky fires called "smudges" lighted in the tents could keep off the insects : the mosquitoes and sand flies on that desert island had never tasted human blood before ; not one of

them can say so now ! By five o'clock we were under way again steering for the mouth of the Red River. Lake Winnipeg is 264 miles long by 35 wide, and very shallow throughout. About two o'clock we entered the Red River ; and while we dined Colonel Wolseley sent his canoe ahead with Mr. Trusue and Lieutenant Butler to reconnoitre. The passage of the river was very slow, the boats having to keep in line by brigades, Colonel Wolseley and Colonel Feilden leading ; we amused ourselves by shooting a few duck, of which there were plenty of all sorts. At night fall we pitched our camp eleven miles below the Lower or Stone Fort, and nearly opposite the Indian settlement. The chief of the swamp Indians Henry Prince immediately came over with his warriors, decked out with paint and feathers, and held a pow wow with Colonel Wolseley. He was dressed in a black coat and wide-awake, expressed himself much surprised at our arrival, and was profuse in protestations of loyalty to his great mother "The Queen." Colonel Wolseley thanked him in the name of Her Majesty, and sent him away rejoicing with presents of pork and flour.

After a good soaking during the night we rose at four o'clock and started in three lines of boats, Colonel Wolseley in front, the artillery next with the guns mounted in the bows ready for action. As we pulled past the Indian settlement the loyal old chief Prince turned out with his warriors and saluted ; joy bells were rung from the mission churches, pocket handkerchiefs waved and cheers given, as one by one the settler's snug little cottages were past, till at last the Lower or Stone Fort was reached about eight o'clock.

Here Mr. Donald Smith and the Hudson Bay officials

had prepared a real English breakfast ; and certainly we did good justice to the first fresh meat and milk we had tasted since leaving Fort Francis sixteen days before. Here for the first time the men turned out again as soldiers, the officers as ordered armed with rifles in place of swords. My company was ordered to proceed as an advanced guard and flanking party along the left bank of the river, and to keep about a quarter of a mile ahead of the boats ; horses and carts were placed at my disposal ; also two signal men with flags to enable me to communicate with Colonel Wolseley. He came to give me my final orders ; these were to watch all the roads leading to Fort Garry ; if attacked to hold my ground until reinforced ; to detain any suspicious persons ; to permit any one going to the Lower Fort to pass through my lines, but not to allow them to return, for fear of their informing Riel of our approach. He then said " How many of your men can ride ? " " All on this occasion I expect, Sir " I replied. " Order them to mount. " I did so, and the scene that followed baffles all description. Picture to yourself a rifleman fully equipped, who had never crossed a horse before, attempting to mount a restive steed, a steed perhaps never ridden before ; first he tries on one side, then on the other ; the saddle slips and lands him on his back, or with a convulsive effort he springs over and throws himself upon his face ; once mounted, some cannot induce their beasts to stir without frequent use of the butt of the rifle ; others when started are whirled away clinging to the mane and neck, stopped only by the exhaustion of man and beast. At last all are started, and carts follow with the unmounted men. The boats are seen poling up a small rapid. As we advance scouring the country and making occasional prison-

ers ; one of them tries to escape, but is ridden down, a pistol to his head bringing him to his senses. While resting for dinner a gig is seen approaching, containing a lady and gentleman, who, prompted by curiosity and a desire to be the first to welcome us, had driven to meet us. He informed me that I was riding his horse, and after a little conversation took leave of us, intending to return to Fort Garry. Vain hope ! “ Very sorry ” I said “ to detain you and the lady, but you can’t leave now that you have entered my lines, unless you wish to go towards the Lower fort.” “ What ” said he “ not allow me to return to my own house ! I’ll prepare such a nice supper for you, and you may depend on my secrecy.” “ Can’t be done, my orders are so strict that not even the prospect of a good supper can induce me to break them. I hope however that the fact of my sticking to them may not make me lose so good an offer ” ; whereupon the lady, giving him a tremendous poke in the side, turned round and said “ I told you how it would be, it just serves you right ; I knew you would be taken prisoner if you came to see the soldiers.”

During the afternoon we passed numerous farm houses, the inhabitants of which gladly welcomed our arrival, bringing bread and milk for the men, and now and then a small encampment of Indians turned out to salute us. Our men as they scoured the country created much astonishment and amusement amongst the settlers, increased by their seeing many of their friends marched along as prisoners. Many was the laugh they had at scenes enacted before their very doors. A young cavalry officer who had volunteered to accompany the expedition, had managed to secure a quadruped —I will not honour it by the name of a horse.—“ Let me

show you the way over that ditch" cried he, as he came tearing up, and so he did, for stopping suddenly the animal walked quietly down one side of the ditch and up the other, much to the chagrin of the dashing rider. He was the officer, who, one night when nearly driven mad by mosquitos, jumped up and besmeared his face with what he thought to be mosquito oil, but which daylight proved to be a bottle of Harvey's sauce. Here too occurred one of the most ludicrous incidents of the expedition. My men having advanced too far ahead of the boats, I said to my bugler, "Sound the halt." He was mounted on a mare, whose foal was at her heels—a common sight in the Northwest; a considerable time elapsed while he tried to fasten himself securely by the mane, and by dint of coaxing, woo! woo! steady! persuade his animal to stand. At last he gave the call; just as the last note rang out, the foal took advantage of the halt to partake of some refreshment. The effect was instantaneous. This liberty combined with the noise of the bugle was too much for the maternal nerves, and the bugler and his bugle were sent flying to the ground.

About seven o'clock, finding that we could not reach Fort Garry that night, Colonel Wolseley signalled to me to choose a camping ground, this done we were soon encamped within five miles of the Fort. My company was ordered on outlying picquet to guard the approach to the camp, and a nice night we had of it. It blew a gale and the rain fell in sheets, and as we stood by the fire, knee-deep in mud, with no great coats or tents, it was as much as we could do to keep ourselves alive, by burning the neighbouring farmers' fences. The night was so black and the wind so strong, that,



although sentries were posted round the camp, I am confident had Riel had the pluck, he might easily have surprised us. We took several spies during the night, and from one I received a neat little six shooter ; one or two prisoners were overheard planning means of escape, but a hint that they would be fired at caused a wholesome quietness. Hot tea was kept going all night, and in the morning fresh milk from the neighbours' cows, to which we helped ourselves, cheered us up a little.

About five o'clock, while the rain was still pouring down, the whole force moved on. We passed the Bishop's Court and the parsonage ; Archdeacon Mc Clean gave us a hearty welcome, talking and running by my side until out of breath, and finally leaving us to set the Cathedral bells a ringing. The troops landed about one mile from Fort Garry, under cover of the advanced guard of skirmishers, now converted again into infantry. The Fort was seen looming through the mist across the flat prairie land, which by this time was little better than a sheet of water, looking dreary and quiet—a quiet which most of us thought betokened mischief, especially as we had been told the night before that Riel meant fighting with his 200 men, who were principally half-breeds and Fenian adventurers ; this report was now confirmed by several idlers to our great joy. Our hopes damp as they were, brightened at the prospect ; and when the order was given by our chief to loose ammunition and advance, officers and men stepped cheerily forward. No rebel flag was visible. The gun over the gateway, and those which peered through the embrasures looked threatening, as we marched straight upon them, over a plain which afforded

us no shelter ; but no white puff came from them, and as we advanced we could see they were not manned. After all may it not be a trap ? mounted officers were dispatched to see if the other gates were closed. Alas ! Riel and his men had bolted, and could be seen skedaddling over the bridge across the Assinaboine towards American ground. Then wet, weary, and disappointed, on the 24th August, 1870, thirty six days out from Shebandowan, with band playing, we marched, if not indeed under heavy fire at least under heavy rain, into Fort Garry.

A royal salute was fired, and amid three hearty cheers, re-echoed by the spectators, we ran up the Union Jack—a proof to all who saw it, that nowhere with impunity can Her Majesty's authority be set at defiance, and that Old England is still willing, and still able to protect her loyal subjects, however insignificant in numbers, and however far away.

And now for a glance round, before we retrace our steps.

Fort Garry is easily described—a collection of Hudson Bay Company's buildings, surrounded by a stone wall on three sides, and by a wooden palisading on the fourth, with circular towers at each corner, the whole loopholed for guns and musketry. It is about 100 yards long by 85 yards wide ; in the centre is Government House. Fort Garrys stands at the confluence of the Red River and the Assinaboine, in the midst of a vast and well watered plain, which for luxuriance of pasture and richness of soil cannot be surpassed, and where skill and industry meet with an abundant return.

To the south, about sixty miles off, lies the town of Pembina, the first on American territory, and unfortunately the only accessible market ; to the west stretch boundless rolling prairies ; to the east endless swamps, through which runs the new road to the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods ; about a quarter of a mile to the north lies the small town of Winnipeg, which consists of about an hundred houses of all sizes and shapes principally stores ; two or three miles to the north again stands the English Cathedral.

The interior of the fort and its confusion on our arrival is not so easily described. It was plain that President Riel had been taken by surprise ; for on entering the dining room we found beefsteaks smoking on the table, and the tea hot in the pot ; a hint was dropped that the food was poisoned, but the sight of fresh meat, bread and jam proved too much for our empty stomachs. Meanwhile the men were regaling themselves with stewed beef and pemmican or dried buffalo meat which they found cooking on the stove and which were intended for Riel's followers. We afterwards went a foraging. Loaded rifles were found in every room ; the guns of the fort were also loaded. Riel's room was sought, his portmanteau half packed showed how hurried had been his retreat ; boxes, cupboards, drawers, were turned inside out, and the contents overhauled ; everything of use was appropriated, under clothing being in most request, the hard work of the past months having left its mark on every one. Ex-governor Mc. Dougall's correspondence, which had been intercepted by Riel, was recovered ; all documents of political importance were sent to Colonel Wolseley ; there were not a few of these implicating the Roman Catholic Bishop

of the settlement and his party. A further search revealed the welcome secrets of the larder and cellar.

My share of the loot was a carbine belonging to Riel ; his box in which I brought home my curiosities ; some valuable papers ; a new straw hat the ribs of which now repose in the Winnipeg ; last but not least, Riel's pet black bear, about fifteen months old, who now marches at the head of the 60th Rifles ; and, of all things in the world to pitch upon as I did by accident, the memoir and photograph of my father-in-law.

Outside the fort, confusion was worse confounded ; half-naked Indians mad with spirits of all kinds, called by them "fire water," fighting with drawn knives ; drunken voyageurs and half-breeds struggling and rolling in the mud ; public houses of notorious rebels sacked ; loyal inhabitants carried away by their feelings, treating our men, who in their turn I grieve to say, too often considered it necessary to return the civility to the loyal inhabitants—and all this aggravated by the fact that Colonel Wolseley was vested with no civil authority whatever. Application was made to him to allow Riel and his colleagues O'Donoghue and Lapine to be arrested, on the charges of imprisonment, robbery and murder ; but the warrant issued by the magistrates proved to be informal, and they were not pursued ; had they been overtaken I doubt whether they would have been brought back alive, so strong was the feeling against them. To such straits were they reduced in their flight that Ex-President Riel his Prime Minister and his A.D.C. were obliged to tear up their breeches to make lashings for a raft, while they travelled night and day to reach United States territory.

At the solicitation of Colonel Wolseley Mr. Donald Smith took control of the settlement until the arrival of The Honourable Mr. Archibald the newly appointed governor. Things then became more settled ; the town assumed a more civilized appearance ; and the inhabitants flocked to hear our band which played outside the fort. As soon as the ground became less sloppy we encamped in the plain, and spent the few remaining days of our stay in the settlement, in getting our boats ready for the return journey, and in purchasing curiosities from the neighbouring Indians who had flocked in great numbers to see the pale faces.

Now for a word about the Indians of these parts. The "Chippewas," the "Sioux," the "Crees," the "Blackfeet," and "Stonies," are the fighting tribes, and inhabit the plains. The Crees are the best hunters, and the most civilized, many of them being baptized and able to read English ; they are the only tribe that do not paint. The Chippewas are the finest race. Each tribe averages about 4,000 or 5,000 strong. Red paint is the sign of peace ; black that of war. They fight naked and seldom for more than a day ; their weapons are guns, tomahawks, and poisoned arrows with notched heads fastened on the shaft with gum, which the heat of the wound dissolves and the point is left to eat its way into the flesh ; they do not bury their dead and care little about killing as long as they can scalp.

I purchased some curiosities from Indians, "Old Chief Big Ear," (and his ears *were* big) supplying me with most of them ; in fact I wanted to buy him, *as he stood*, but could not prevail upon him to part with his leggings, which had stripes of human blood on them corresponding

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with the eagle's feathers on his cap, to show the number of fights he had been engaged in. I secured his necklace of grizzly bears' claws, a highly prized possession. as it is thought no slight feat, single handed, to kill one of these monsters ; there are thirteen claws, each representing a bear.

Sunday found us still at Fort Garry. At church parade Colonel Wolseley's address was read to us, and an excellent sermon was preached by Archdeacon Mc Clean. It was a curious sight to see the motley crowd of soldiers in different uniforms, civilians of all colors and creeds, and Indians of all tribes standing round while the Archdeacon's powerful voice resounded through our midst. In the afternoon most of us attended the Cathedral service when the Archdeacon again preached. As the first detachment of militia by this time had arrived, I received orders to start at three o'clock on the following day. At the appointed hour the whole camp turned out to wish us good luck ; just as everything was ready, the bear broke loose and a general rush was made to secure him ; when captured he was securely fastened in the bow of the bear boat, where he remained for the rest of the voyage, a lively but not altogether accommodating fellow passenger.

On the 29th August we pushed off from the shore ; and amid many regrets from the people that our stay had been so short, but not sorry I can assure you to find ourselves once more bound for civilization and home, we turned our backs on Fort Garry. That evening we took tea with Mr. Gardiner and discussed the late troubles of the settlement ; the following morning after obtaining a few necessaries in the way of boat equipment from the Lower



Fort, we made our final start homewards, and that night camped at the mouth of the Red River. After a day's detention there from stress of weather we crossed Lake Winnipeg, passed the last of the militia and Governor Archibald and staff, and at night-fall arrived at Fort Alexander.

From Fort Alexander the whole way back to within 25 miles of our starting point Shebandowan was up hill and against stream. The ascent of the Winnipeg was if possible more dangerous than the descent. Colonel Wolseley therefore gave me strict orders to obtain competent guides for my own Brigade as well as for the others. In carrying out this order I experienced great difficulty ; the best guides were not willing to risk their lives and reputation in our boats, although they were willing to accompany us in their country boats. At last however I obtained some, and on Friday the 2nd September we commenced our ascent of the Winnipeg. There are three means of ascending a rapid—rowing, poling, and tracking. Where the water is shallow yet too swift for rowing, the men use spiked poles about ten feet long, and work in time, thus forcing the boat up ; the art consists in not allowing the pole to be carried out of a vertical line before it touches the bottom, and in avoiding toppling over—and very difficult and arduous work it is. To track is simply to haul the boat by a rope fastened to a ring in the bow, and tied round the forward seat to give greater security in case of any sudden jerk or strain ; a few men are left in the boat to keep her clear of rocks. We tracked up most of the rapids in the Winnipeg. In three days we reached Silver Falls. Our departure from thence was mark-

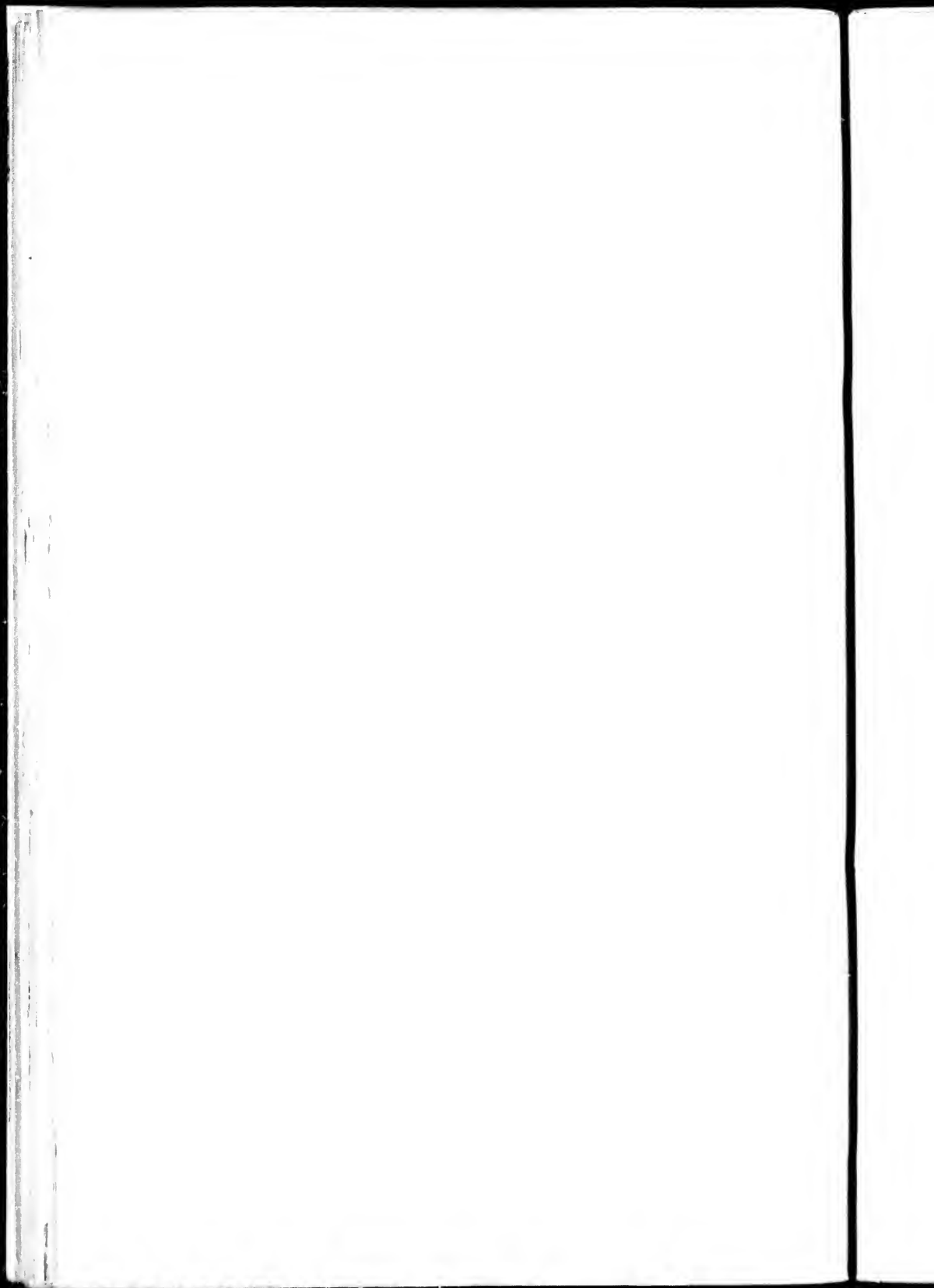
ed by the narrow escape of one of our boats. The portage here is about twenty yards from the head of the falls ; there were only two boats left at the portage, one of the officers jumped into his boat, asked as usual whether all was ready, and ordered the bowman to shove off : the boat shot out too far, and before the oars could catch the water the current swept her, stem on, towards the falls ; to row was useless : death stared all hands in the face ; just as they were preparing to jump overboard in their terror, an Indian belonging to the other boat providentially came in sight ; shouting to them to throw out a rope he dashed into the water and just grasped it, the sudden jerk checked the bow for an instant, when within a few yards of the brink the stern swung round, the men pulled with the energy of desperation, and were rescued from their terrible fate. It was at times like these that we felt how entirely, humanly speaking, our lives were dependent on the skill of the voyageurs and on the coolness of one man. An Indian's pluck and composure in a rapid are wonderful. For the other voyageurs I cannot say much ; many of them had never handled an oar or paddle in their lives ; their services were accepted without any guarantee as to their efficiency. One in my Brigade told me he had been a bus driver for eight years, another a cook for twenty years, and a third expressed astonishment that I should doubt *his* proficiency when his brother was "Boss" of a steam tug. To men like these, in many instances, were our lives entrusted ; some officers positively had to steer their boats themselves. Is it astonishing therefore that when we turned in after a more than usually perilous day, we wondered to ourselves if it were possible for the morrow to bring with it a renewal of such marvellous escapes.

Next we came to the Seven Portages, seven waterfalls in succession. About half way up we had to cross the main stream of the river between two of them. I never can forget those few moments. As it was necessary to allow for our being carried down by the current in the passage, we first pulled through the backwater as close as possible under the falls above us ; then dashed out into the mid-current, the Indians in the bow straining every nerve to keep the boat from swinging broadside to the stream ; the men pulled as for life ; we crossed indeed safely, but by the time we were within a few yards of the other side, we had been swept down, almost to the brink of the falls below ; the drops of perspiration fell from the men as they rested on their oars ; and as we looked at each other we thanked God it was over.

Once over the Seven Portages we felt that the neck of our homeward journey was broken. The Lake of the Woods was soon crossed, and a heavy pull of two days and a half up Rainy River brought us to Fort Francis. Letters and papers awaiting our arrival were eagerly seized and devoured. Here too we heard that Captain Butler's Brigade, which had been sent by the new route through the north-west angle, had passed through the day before ; anxious to overtake him, and learn his experience in transporting his stores and men over the half finished and swampy road, we pushed on and the following day found us at the end of Rainy Lake. A few days afterwards we fell in with the mail canoe, and learnt of the surrender of Emperor Napoleon, which rather startled us. About this time too, Colonel Wolseley, who had travelled day and night from Fort Garry,

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passed us. On the 23rd we arrived at the "Height of Land Portage," and found Captain ~~Butler~~ **B.** at the other end just starting. Next day we determined to reach Shebandowan, now called Mc Neil's Bay, which we did at ten o'clock at night. Two days more, and amid the greetings of our comrades we marched into Thunder Bay, ragged and barefooted, but in no other respect the worse for the perils and hardships of the past three months.

I do not like to end without reminding you of one or two of the peculiar characteristics of this—shall I call it Military-Naval Expedition? I doubt if a similar one was ever before organized. Bear in mind the harrassing responsibility of officers in command, arising from the extraordinary nature of their duties, and from the difficulty of communication in a force scattered over a distance of 150 miles. Think too of the embarrassment that would have followed the loss of boats and stores, thus leaving the crew without food or means of transport; or of the impossibility on the one hand of carrying with us our sick and maimed, and of the risk on the other of leaving them behind exposed to the attacks of Indians. Remember that every single thing had to be carried on our backs, dragged by sheer force, or pulled by men unaccustomed to the oar, over 1,200 miles of water and wilderness, while our inability to get at our arms immediately, packed as they were in chests, left us in case of a surprise, for the time, at the mercy of a handful of determined men. Bear in mind above all *that no spirits whatever were allowed*; tea only was served out; it was an experiment, but its success may be judged of from the fact that crime and illness were unknown; yet oftentimes the

men were worked almost beyond the powers of endurance, but nevertheless from first to last their cheerfulness and willingness were beyond all praise ; there was no murmuring, no shirking on the part of any ; *in short, to them is due the complete success of this novel expedition.*

As Colonel Wolseley's address to us sums up so well all that I have been saying, I think it will not be an inappropriate ending to my lecture.

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FIELD FORCE MORNING ORDER.

FORT GARRY, August 28th, 1870.

The following address from the officer commanding the Red River Expeditionary Force to the regular troops is published for general information.

TO THE REGULAR TROOPS OF THE RED RIVER  
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

I cannot permit Colonel Feilden and you to start upon your return journey to Canada without thanking you for having enabled me to carry out the Lieutenant General's orders so successfully.

You have endured excessive fatigue, in the performance of a service that for its arduous nature will bear comparison with any previous Military Expedition. In coming here from Prince Arthur's Landing you have traversed a distance of upwards of 600 miles; your labours began with those common at the outset of all campaigns; viz.:

road making and the construction of defensive works ; then followed the arduous duty of taking the boats up a height of 800 feet, along 50 miles of river, full of rapids and numerous portages ; from the time you left Shebandowan Lake until Fort Garry was reached, your labour at the oar has been incessant from daybreak to dark every day ; 47 portages were got over, entailing the unparalleled exertion of carrying the boats, guns, ammunition, stores and provisions over a total distance of 15,000 yards ; it may be said that the whole journey has been made through a wilderness, where, as no supplies of any sort were to be had, everything had to be taken with you in the boats.

I have throughout viewed with pleasure the manner in which the officers have vied with their men in carrying heavy loads ; I feel proud of being in command of officers who so well know how to set a good example, and of men who evince such eagerness in following it.

Rain has fallen upon 45 days out of the 94 that have passed by since we landed at Thunder Bay, and upon many occasions officers and men have been wet for days together. There has not been one slightest murmur of discontent heard from any one ; it may be confidently asserted that no force has ever had to endure more continuous labour, and it may be as truthfully said that no men on service have ever been better behaved or more cheerful under the trials arising from exposure to inclement weather, excessive fatigue, and the annoyance caused by flies.

There has been a total absence of crime amongst you during your advance to Fort Garry, and I feel confident that your conduct during the return journey will be as creditable to you in every respect.

The leaders of the Banditti, who recently opposed Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the Red River settlement, having fled as you advanced upon the Fort, leaving their guns and a large quantity of arms and ammunition behind them, the primary object of the expedition has been peaceably accomplished. Although you have not



therefore had an opportunity of gaining glory, you can carry back with you into the daily routine of garrison life, the conviction that you have done good service to the state, and have proved that no extent of intervening wilderness, no matter how great may be its difficulties, whether by land or water, can enable men to commit murder, or to rebel against Her Majesty's authority with impunity.

*(Signed)*—G. J. WOLSELEY,  
Colonel Commanding Red River Expeditionary Force.

BY ORDER,

*(Signed)*—G. Huyshe, Captain for D.A.A.G.  
Fort Garry, August 28, 1870.



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